

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 8. No. 3. 7th May, 1935.





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Tattersall's — Club — Magazine

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's
Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.*

Vol. 8.

MAY 7, 1935.

No. 3.

Tattersall's Club

157 Elizabeth Street,

Sydney



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB, which was established on the 14th May, 1858, is the leading sporting and social Club in Australasia.

The Club House, situated at 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for the quality of food served and the reasonable prices charged. The Swimming Pool on the third floor is the only elevated Pool in Australasia, and from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting at Randwick will be held on Saturday, 11th May, 1935.

The Club Man's Diary

It is not uncommon for some sportsmen to spend the day following their birthday in bed. When, however, one stays in bed on his birthday, as did our friend, Mr. A. E. ("Doggie") Wallis, on April 2, you may wager that he is a patient in hospital. Unfortunately, that was so, but Mr. Wallis was not forgotten by very many friends, and he counted that as considerable compensation. We wish him the best of all blessings—good health—with the drinks on us.

* * *

I have been trying to recall which friend in the club, a fortnight before the A.J.C. Autumn meeting, told me to be sure to be on Silver Jubilee at his first run at Randwick. The drinks are on me. First in (and approved) first served. No processions.

* * *

The presence in the Official Stand of Mr. E. Le Steere recalled to many the great match race between Eurythmic and Beauford, at Randwick. Eurythmic was fairly easily beaten, but it is questionable whether he revealed his true form on that day. He did not seem to revel in the going for Dempsey, while the Newcastle horse bowled along sweetly for Albert Wood. However, the way in which Mr. Le Steere's champion won the Sydney Cup, subsequently, placed him among the great ones.

Mr. Le Steere bought several yearlings at the Easter sales. We wish him another Eurythmic; even a Maple.

* * *

Mr. John Spencer Brunton put a poser to Yehudi Menuhin, in the course of a speech of welcome: "We all hope that he will be home on the bit." The brilliant violinist turned to a Randwick regular for enlightenment; then smiled his acknowledgments to Mr. Brunton, who has been for many years a great supporter of the legitimate stage. What a wonderful book of reminiscence the veteran could write, if time permitted.

Mr. Stanley Crick, chief in Australia of the Fox Films Corporation, left with his wife on May 1, to attend the big convention of the Corporation in America, its headquarters. Stan. Crick, as he is known to so many friends, has made a brilliant success of his undertaking. He has shown American executives, in his own concern, and outside, that an Aussie, well equipped, can put it over with the best of them. Allied with his all-round knowledge of the motion picture game, Mr. Crick's personality, in itself, has al-



Mr. S. S. Crick.

ways been one of his greatest assets, winning him many friends, and his firm much business.

On Doncaster day, Mr. Crick gave me Master Brierly as a good thing for the Sydney Cup, and the two other races in which he subsequently ran. Had I backed Master Brierly in the Cup, and not Rogilla, I would have been out on the meeting. A loss on Master Brierly in the Cup would have made me discard him for the meeting, but when Rogilla let me down, I recalled Stan. Crick's tip, and returned to the elect of Frank McGrath. This may be a mug's way of reasoning it out—but it landed me the money.

Incidentally, I heard many com-

pliments paid to Frank McGrath for the patience he had exercised with Master Brierly. He must have known he had the goods. The art was to produce them. Frank McGrath did so in his own good time.

* * *

This month, two good fellows celebrate birthdays—Mr. H. C. Bartley on the 6th, and Mr. John Edwards on the 24th. Fellow members wish them health and happiness, life's finest possessions, and that their credit in these accounts accumulate with the years.

* * *

Latest among the new members is Mr. A. M. Cooley, well known as the owner of Dame Moab, winner of the last Carrington Stakes

* * *

Mr. Frank Goldberg seems to have an uncanny knack of getting out on the last race. If he does not back the winner straight out in the ring, he generally collects a good place bet on the tote. This meeting, Mr. Goldberg started at the beginning. When The Raider won a second time, he felt like singing "The Wearing of the Green."

* * *

The yearling sales represent a tremendous job, when you think of all the preliminaries leading up to the actual disposals. But Mr. Reg. Inglis seems to thrive on it. The explanation is that use is second nature. Mr. Inglis has the technique of salesmanship down to a fine art, and few are better equipped as an authority on breeding.

* * *

Mr. Rodney Dangar is not in need of the money, but it is a happy circumstance, nevertheless, that an owner should place his admiration for a horse beyond price. All are not in the position to do that, admittedly; but some would not do it anyway. Peter Pan represents to his owner more than can be handed over the counter in change; and it is a good thing when this type of owner is fortunate to possess that type of horse.

No visitor to Sydney for Autumn racing took a keener interest in all matters appertaining to the A.J.C. fixture than Mr. Eric Riddiford, president of the Wellington Racing Club, probably the most progressive racing body in New Zealand. Mr. Riddiford is an advocate of the combined bookmaker and totalisator system and after studying local affairs in Sydney, returned to New Zealand more than ever convinced that legalising the bookmaker in New Zealand would give a fillip to racing there. He was a sturdy advocate for the New Zealand rider, K. Voitre, and supported Hall Mark well in the Doncaster Handicap on the strength of Voitre's being in the saddle. After High's good showing against Hall Mark, he came in on High in the Coogee Handicap, to his great content. Mr. Gaxieu's starting and control of fields at the

barrier also impressed the New Zealander.

* * *

Our genial visitor from over the Tasman, Mr. Jack Cameron, has hardly found Gold Trail the way to affluence on this visit to Sydney, but we know that he has not found this city such a bad place. He has pleasant memories of The Hawk and Hunting Cry.

* * *

Mr. E. Montgomery, part-owner of the speedy New Zealander, Silver Jubilee, has been a regular attendant at the club during his stay in Sydney. With two successes in three starts, and that at Randwick, the Sydney excursion has been well worth while.

* * *

To fellow member, Mr. Cecil Mason, good luck. As general manager of Columbia Pictures Proprietary

Ltd., he announced that this new company had been formed for the distributors throughout Australia and New Zealand, of the Columbia Screen product. Greater Australian Films, local organisation of which Mr. Mason was formerly general manager, had distributed Columbia pictures in Australasia for six years.

* * *

The Anzac Night concert in the club was, as usual, enjoyable as a celebration, while providing Digger members with a happy meeting base. The artists were the Maggie Foster instrumental quartet, Amy Ostinga, Vernon Sellars, and Jack Lumsdaine.

* * *

Mr. Colin H. Rowlandson, a director of the N.S.W. Bookstall Company Limited, sailed by the "Orama" on the 17th April on a world tour. In sporting circles Mr. Rowlandson is well known as the owner of Mainlaw.

SYDNEY CUP SIDELIGHTS

Impressions of a Stroller Among the Throng

Randwick, on Sydney Cup day, lives in the thunder of its human throngs and the hoof-beats of its horses; in their colour and gaiety, too.

There are the roses, with their vine-canopies; the girls, alike unto the roses—a challenging beauty and perfume.

There are the corpulent, commerce-burdened men of the city, contrasting with the lean, tanned coves from the west; and the strange atmosphere of choice cigars and ripe pipes.

And the satin-skinned horses, requiring not the rich livery of jockeys to set off the picture in the birdcage, and bring enchantment to the artist.

This all had died down to diminishing during the depression years, but it seemed, on Sydney Cup day, as if some magician had emptied the old crone, "Dismal Days," out of the conductor's seat, seized the baton, hit up the tempo, and turned on the old-time Randwick symphony.

Crowds were denser, but some said that the weight of money was not in the ring. Well, you don't need to have a fiver on at Randwick, on Syd-

ney Cup day, to ginger up enthusiasm.

There was the girl in the green dress, in the Saddling Paddock, dancing when the green jacket of Mr. Pat Osborne was carried first past the post by The Raider.

She danced and waved her arms—on what? Possibly a tote investment, shared by others. But she represented Randwick—the Randwick that dies with a gasp in our throats, as our favourite falters, to be reborn, with a shout, as he recovers to beat off a challenge, and win.

Randwick's moods vary, according to the fortunes of the race. You may dance with the girl in the green dress, or stagger in a frock coat into a secluded corner of the Stand, there to bemoan your fiver.

So, during the running of the Sydney Cup, the crowds packed in Saddling Paddock and Leger, and on the Flat, lived and died, emotionally, at almost every furlong post.

All was so sudden.

A flash of multi-coloured jackets past the post, in less than four minutes, and all that had been planned

and plotted for, from dawn till dusk, over months, had ceased, save this: the golden stream of wagers, flowing towards some, away from others.

Then the reflections:

Perhaps, if you had —?

Ah, well, perhaps next time.

But the Cup is not over for the veterans at that stage. They have been, as a matter of fact, running and re-running, in retrospect, Cups since the great Yattendon came home in the original Sydney Cup of 1866. Yattendon, they tell you, was a wonderful racehorse, a wonderful sire.

One says: "'Augur' (Mr. Chapman) of 'The Australasian,' greatest of our turf writers, told me that he would travel a mile, barefoot, over broken glass, just for a glimpse of Yattendon."

Another declares: "Old Andrew Downey, famous blacksmith, said that Yattendon was the finest-looking horse he had ever shod."

"Yes," said another, "and don't forget that Yattendon sired Chester and Grand Flaneur, among others. Yattendon was the greatest racehorse-sire we have ever had."

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Greatest Showman on Earth

(By E. J. GRAVESTOCK)

Showmanship has entered so largely into commercial life during the past ten years or more that there are undoubtedly more showmen out of the entertainment business than in it. One has only to watch the operations of a modern store in any part of the world to realise to what extent they depend upon a showman's tricks to keep in the public eye. Intensified advertising has become an integral part of all large business catering for public patronage, and the publicity department of such businesses have become second only in importance to the buying.

When Gordon Selfridge descended upon London about thirty years ago and built his modern American store in Oxford Street, the old fashioned London stores turned up their noses in disgust at his forceful up-to-date advertising methods, but they had to quickly put their houses in order when they found how successful his methods were.

For the purposes of these articles, I am going to deal with two outstanding showmen of different generations. P. T. Barnum, the great American showman, of an earlier generation, and Charles B. Cochran, the famous English showman of our own time. The lives of both men are romances of wealth lost and won, equalled only by famous stories of the turf.

Curiously enough Cochran's biggest enterprises have been in the two extremes of show business, prize fights and high-class theatrical productions. His extraordinary discerning powers in searching out talent for the stage, are equally as effective when matching prize fighters and wrestlers. He "discovered" Alice Delysia in Paris, playing a very small part, and afterwards heard her in London at the flat of her husband, Harry Fragson, when at a party she sang several French ballads. Delysia parted from Fragson, about twelve months before he was murdered by his father. Fragson was an Anglo-French comedian and many will remember his performances in London

at the music-halls before the war, his songs at the piano were just as popular at the Tivoli in the Strand as they were at the Trocadero in Paris. Cochran engaged Delysia at £6 a week to appear in his first revue, "Odds and Ends" at the Ambassadors Theatre, London, a few months after the war started in 1914. The review flopped at first, but Cochran stuck to it, and eventually it ran for 500 nights, and at the height of its success he was making £500 a week. A detailed account of Cochran's ventures with boxers and theatrical affairs would fill several volumes, so I can only touch briefly on one or two of his biggest exploits. His first big fight was at the London Olympia on June 30th, 1914, between Colin Bell, the Australian heavy-weight champion, and Bombardier Wells. The purse was for £2000, 60 per cent. to the winner, and 40 per cent. to the loser. The occasion had a strong Australian flavour about it, as in order to put up a strong bill, Cochran supplemented the main fight with a twenty-round contest between Harry Stone and Johnny Summers. Stone had defeated Summers twice out here, but Summers was now the holder of the welter-weight Lonsdale belt, and Stone had defeated Mat Wells, who beat Ray Bronson for the title in America. The purse for the Stone-Summers match was £500 and £250 aside. This was the first of a series of big fights which stirred the world. The enormous auditorium of the Olympic was packed, and the evening started off excitingly enough when a black-bearded man clambered into the ring and started to protest against the fight being held in a public place, but the sporting writers sitting at the ringside quickly hauled him out. Cochran made a master-stroke in getting Father Boudier of St. Michaels', N. London, to appear in the clothes of his office and officiate as M.C. He also inspired a big discussion in the newspapers about women attending boxing matches. The betting on the

Wells-Bell match was even money before the fight, but as soon as the first round got going, it was four to one on Wells. In the second round Wells knocked out Bell with a terrific right on the jaw. The Summers-Stone contest went the full distance and finished a draw. Stone surprised the ringside spectators by appearing before the contest with a cigar in his mouth.

After the war Cochran took over the Holborn Stadium, beginning with a match between Bombardier Billy Wells and Joe Beckett; although Wells had let his admirers down several times, he was still a favourite with the crowd, and he and Carpentier were the idols of the ring, but Cochran would not listen to matching them until Wells had really "come back" by beating one or two English heavyweights, and Wells chose Joe Beckett. Wells asked for £1000 for the match but Cochran got him to sign for £600, and Beckett asked for the same amount as Wells got, under the impression that he was to receive £1,000, but was disappointed to learn the real figure. The gate realised £3,344, the preliminary bouts costing only £30, so Cochran came out well. Wells was nervous when he entered the ring, and Beckett was in great trim. Wells opened up with a strong body blow, which, to Wells's surprise, had no effect. Beckett got in a good left hook, which caused Georges Carpentier, who, sitting at the ringside, to call out, "Oh, Billie." Wells went down with another left hook, following advice shouted to him by Carpentier, he began to box, and got one or two home. In the fourth round Wells got in a beautiful left, and Beckett looked like being in trouble, but in the fifth Beckett got in a right, stepped back, and as Wells came into clinch, brought his left across, and down went the Bombardier; he rose, but Beckett put him down again. He got up before the full count, and Beckett easily put him out for the full count. Coch-



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ran then promoted the match between Beckett and Frank Goddard, the winner to meet Carpentier. Cochran had to pay big terms. Beckett £2,500 and Goddard £2,000. Before the Goddard-Beckett fight, Cochran staged a preliminary with Arthur Townley, who was a possible runner-up for the heavy-weight championship, and the Australian, Hardwick, for a purse of £250. The contests took place in the Olympia, and the total prize money was £5,000. The gate money totalled £8,001; this, plus pictures and other rights, showed a handsome profit. Beckett knocked Goddard out in the second round. Apparently Goddard's failing being a very weak defence. A month later Cochran staged a fight at the Olympia with Jimmy Wilde and "Pal" Moore. According to Cochran, heavy-weights were always a sure draw, but they were not always available, and the only other sure drawing card was Jimmy Wilde, but to get a suitable opponent he had to get "Pal" Moore, the bantam weight champion from America. The purse was for £5,000, 60 per cent. to the winner, 40 per cent. to the loser, and £500 aside.

At the ringside Wilde weighed about 7st. 4lb. and Moore 8st. 4lb. Amongst the vast audience was the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and the American, General Pershing. The Prince entered the Royal Box as the men entered the ring, and the entire audience sang "For he's a jolly good fellow;" this was followed by hundreds of Welshmen who had travelled down to London to see Jimmy Wilde, their "Tylorstown Terror," sang "Land of my Fathers." Wilde was on top for the first ten rounds. He had Moore puzzled with his uncanny sense of distance, and was punching with both hands. Moore was using the open glove, and Referee Corri warned him twice. In the fourteenth round Wilde began to bleed at the mouth and seemed exhausted with his efforts to bring down his heavier opponent. Two rounds later the little Welshman got a cut across the nose, the first time in his career that he had been marked. Moore was fighting furiously and it looked as though his superior strength might win the

fight for him. Wilde, however, came to light in the last four rounds, and with renewed strength he fought like a demon, nearly knocking Moore out in the last couple of seconds, and Wilde got the decision. The receipts were £14,205, so Cochran again scored a handsome profit. The stage was now set for the great event, Joe Becket and Georges Carpentier. The Olympia was booked for September 2nd, and a £40,000 "gate" was anticipated. Interest in the fight had gone beyond the regular supporters of boxing, and as Cochran remarks, therein lies the secret of boxing promotion. Boxing connoisseurs alone would never fill a vast arena, and one of the contestants must have a personality that influences outside boxing circles, and there must be an intense desire to see him win, or an intense desire to see him beaten. The two main elements in this fight were the overwhelming personality of Carpentier, and secondly the hope that a British boxer might achieve supremacy in the most British of British sports. Cochran's first set-back came when Deschamps, Carpentier's manager, declared that Carpentier could not be ready in time. He had not freed himself of military obligations, and he was unable to get fit in the short time available, and would not be able to do himself justice in a match involving the heavy-weight championship of Europe. Cochran could not get the Olympia for another date until summer of the following year. In order, therefore, to fill his date at the Olympia, he matched Beckett and Eddie McGoorty in a twenty-round contest for a purse of £2,000, to be divided 60 per cent. and 40 per cent. McGoorty backing himself to £1,000 and deposited this sum, which was covered by Beckett. Cochran, to make sure of a big "gate," organised a gigantic triple bill, the other fights being, Arthur Townley and Fred Fulton, the American giant heavy-weight, for £1,250, of which Townley got £500, and Johnny Basham, welter-weight champion and Francis Charles, a Frenchman. Cochran's next shock was when McGoorty was charged with drunkenness at Bow Street, which, of course, caused the public

to ask how he could possibly be fit to fight Beckett, who was invariably fit. McGoorty explained that he had attended a farewell dinner to a friend who was returning to America, and he drank very temperately. He had walked from the Strand to Tottenham Court Road, and must have been a victim of the heat wave. He also protested that had he been drunk, his friends would not have allowed him to walk home.

This incident Cochran claims affected the gate. Anyway, the receipts totalled £18,680, so Cochran's profit can be easily assessed, the prize money being £4,075.

Fulton put the Englishman out in the first round with a left on the jaw, and a heavy right-handed punch. Beckett knocked out McGoorty in the seventeenth round, and it was only McGoorty's skill and ringcraft that kept him going so long. Opinion favoured Beckett, but there were Americans present who laid the odds on McGoorty. Basham beat Charles on points after a willing go.

Cochran continued on with his plans for the Beckett-Carpentier fight, as the Olympia was not available, he was obliged to fix for the contest to take place in the Holborn Stadium, ring-side seats twenty-five guineas, and standing room at five guineas. Tickets went like hot cakes, and the gate realised just under £30,000, a record for England. The topic of the day was the Beckett-Carpentier fight, and the newspapers fed the public with all sorts of stories. Carpentier engaged McGoorty as a sparring partner, but something went wrong, and McGoorty left after a day or two. The betting before the fight was about 100 to 80 on Beckett, after three to one had been laid. The prize money was £5000 to Carpentier and £3000 to Beckett. On the eve of the fight Carpentier's right arm swelled, causing him considerable pain. Hot poultices and massage brought it down considerably, and in order not to arouse suspicion, the arm which had become discoloured, was painted over.

The night of the fight, the Holborn Stadium was the centre of the world, an army of policemen kept

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the streets clear for ticket holders, but an enormous crowd who could not get into the hall waited in the nearby streets. Both men were nervous before they entered the ring, but as soon as Carpentier appeared before the crowd he became the embodiment of confidence, bowing to the Prince of Wales like a polished courtier. With the men in the ring, the experts were certain Beckett would win. They said Carpentier

had gone right off, he was not in condition, etc. The fight was soon over. Carpentier moved from his corner like a tiger, Beckett advancing slowly. Carpentier flicked Beckett's nose. Beckett grunted and took the aggressive, Carpentier retreating almost to the ropes. Beckett hit out with both hands to the body. There was a clinch. After the "break" Beckett attempted an upper cut and mis-

sed. Then the end. Carpentier feinted with his left, and like a flash of lightning smashed his right to the Englishman's unguarded chin. Down he went like a log, a British champion stricken by an elementary boxing trick.

After the fight Cochran signed up Carpentier for £20,000 to meet Jack Dempsey, but that is another story.

(To be continued).

Famous Clubs

THE UNION JACK CLUB

In past issues various famous clubs have been featured, both of the past and the present. All possess histories far removed from the ordinary, and the appearance of same in the magazine has created widespread interest. This month, it is proposed to depart slightly from the beaten track. To date, the clubs featured have been of somewhat similar type to our own, but to synchronise with the King's Jubilee Celebrations this month, particulars are appended of the one club of which His Majesty the King is pleased to be known as the Patron-in-Chief; and Her Majesty the Queen as Patroness-in-Chief.

The formation of The Union Jack Club was brought about in 1907 and was intended as a memorial to those who had fallen in the Boer War and other campaigns.

The Club was opened on July 1, 1907, by the late King Edward VII., and membership is open to those below the rank of officer who are serving on the Active List of the Regular Forces. Honorary membership is also extended to Colonial Permanent Forces and likewise Navies, besides Armies and Air Forces of Foreign Powers visiting England. A limited number of ex-service warrant officers, petty officers, non-commissioned officers and men may also be elected members of the club.

Very truly it may be said that The Union Jack Club is one of our greatest national institutions, where sailors, soldiers and airmen can go when on leave or when passing through London.

The club is centrally situated in Waterloo Road, S.E.1, and His Majesty King George V. is permanent Patron-in-Chief, and Her Majesty the Queen, Patroness-in-Chief.

Sir Walter R. Lawrence, Bt., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.M.G., holds the presidential chair, with Colonel Sir Henry Streatfeild, G.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., as vice-president. The Marquess of Cambridge, K.C.V.O., acts as honorary treasurer, while Vice-Admiral E. Wigram, C.M.G., D.S.O., is the club's comptroller.

The club is very much more than a mere meeting place. It is *par excellence* from the point of view of utility.

Members can obtain, at moderate charges, good meals and comfortable bedrooms. Then there are the other sections ever associated with any club of importance. Library, writing rooms, billiard room, baths, barber's shop, etc. There is also the club shop, wherein may be purchased articles of everyday use and practically everything that Service men require. One other feature is that there is never any need to rush into a purchase just before closing time, for the doors are open 24 hours per day.

The general management of the club is carried out by a Council and a General Committee, which includes representatives of the members.

A considerable extension of the club, with funds raised in all parts of the Empire to commemorate the services of our gallant fighting forces in the Great War, 1914-18,

and to provide increased accommodation, was completed in 1923.

Since 1926 the Council has been enabled, through the anonymous gift of one of its members, still further to enlarge the premises, bringing the number of beds available to 816 as against the original 208 when the club was opened.

The Union Jack Hostel.

The story of the first-mentioned club would not be complete without reference to the Hostel to which Their Majesties the King and Queen lend similar support and patronage. This is situated in Exton Street, Waterloo Road, S.E.1, and provides lodging and accommodation for the wives and children (with or without their husbands or fathers) of members and ex-members of the Naval and Military Forces of the Crown, below the rank of officer. It is managed, as in the other instance, by a Council, and though run closely in connection with the Union Jack Club, the organisation and finance of the two institutions are quite separate and distinct.

Whilst the Marquess of Cambridge looks after the funds in both cases, the other officers differ. It is worthy of note also that Royalty has further graced the Hostel by the addition of the name of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G., as Patron.

Presidential honours belong to Brig-Gen. Sir Frederick Gascoigne, K.C.V.G., C.M.G., D.S.O., and the Secretary and Warden are Mr. J. R. Hayward, M.B.E., and Miss B. R. Morris respectively.

LONG LIVE THE KING!

An Easter Carnival Rich in Portent

Bright Future of the Turf Financially and in Equine Talent is Clearly Reflected

The paramount factor of Sydney's Autumn racing was the confirmation it provided of the Turf's return to prosperity, and the highest racing standards. This was made manifest in many ways. Attendances showed big increases on all figures for the past six years; totalisator returns soared; betting showed an indication of returning to pre-depression standards, and we saw some of the most striking equine performances an exacting racegoer could demand. To complete the evidence of returned prosperity, there followed the complete success of the yearling sales, revealing the best averages obtained for many years. It looks as if the Turf once more is in line for a very sound period of financial and equine progress.

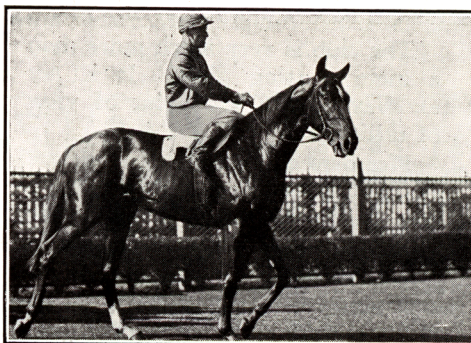
Victoria has shown caution in dropping the Melbourne Cup from the £10,000 of the Centenary Celebrations of last year, to £8,000 for 1935, and the Caulfield Cup has dropped from £6,500 to £6,000.

The announcement of those recent decisions by the clubs concerned indicate unusual caution, but the probabilities are the A.J.C. will not approach the matter of turf finance of the future with such outlook. At least the prizes will not be depreciated, and it will surprise nobody to find that the premier club of New South Wales has decided not merely to add to some of the more important stakes, but to continue on a bigger scale the building-up of the minor events which are the supporting factors on each programme to the classics.

One of the outstanding performances of the meeting was Hall Mark's triumph in the Doncaster Handicap. That victory revealed how emphatically there are no limits to the versatilities of a class performer. A Melbourne Cup winner and long relegated by public opinion to the rank of stayer only, he rose to this occasion like the champion he is, and did his mile task as Amounis, Nightmarch and other noted stayers of the past had done.

But not to be denied his share of the limelight as a sprint comeback, Peter Pan a few days later repeated the performance, and in doing so defeated Hall Mark in a

manner that revealed what an outstanding galloper he is. You rarely expect speed of a horse capable of winning two Melbourne Cups, the second in a slow-plugging performance almost hock-deep in mud, and with 9.10 in the saddle. But Peter Pan produced speed *in excelsis* when he ran the All Aged Stakes mile at a rate which worked out less than



Hall Mark.

12 seconds to the furlong, and beat the time of such brilliant sprinters as Winooka and Closing Time. His 1min. 35½sec. established a new time record for the mile for Australia and New Zealand.

His wins now extend from seven furlongs at weight-for-age (when he beat Chatham in the Maitland Stakes at Victoria Park), to the 2¼ miles of the A.J.C. Plate, and with two Melbourne Cups thrown in to make sound measure, he must be accepted as a horse whose deeds

measure up to the very highest standards of Australian turf history.

Another striking feature of Randwick's great carnival was the sudden development of high-class staying form by Master Brierly. Mr. Frank McGrath in his wisdom had ordained that Peter Pan should confine attention to the Autumn Plate and All Aged Plate for his weight-for-age tasks. But in Master Brierly he had an excellent second string for the Cumberland Plate of 1¼ miles, and the A.J.C. Plate of 2¼ miles, and the little chestnut from New Zealand rewarded his connections for their long perseverance in trying to win an Australian race. It was nearly two years since he first came to Australia, but the Cumberland provided his first triumph here.

Master Brierly's efforts at the end of these long races were striking. In fact his stamina is of the type of that possessed by Poitrel. He isn't galloping at top speed until the field has gone a long way. And the pace must be sound, too, in order to attain his utmost form. It was perhaps because of the slow speed of the Sydney Cup that we didn't see him at his best, and he just missed a place. If there were any three mile races these days, such as the A.J.C. Plate used to be, he would take a lot of beating.

The hard-headed racegoer doesn't like to see successive processions of two-year-old winners. When no colt or filly can land more than one race it signifies lowly form, and that

was the case until we reached the actual autumn racing at headquarters.

Then the monotony of this ever-changing and mediocre form was relieved by the dual triumph of Young Idea in the Sires' Produce Stakes and Champagne Stakes, two of the richest Australian stakes for two-year-olds. Experience has shown that it takes a really good one to win this double, and usually the horse who succeeds goes on to a glorious future. The penalty in the Champagne puts the hallmark of quality on the triumph, and you can go through the history of these events, and never find one capable of landing the double who did not develop high-class form. The last prior to Young Idea was Hall Mark, and he took the Derbies and Melbourne Cup.

Indications are that Young Idea is going to attain to the highest standards, and the determination of his finish after conceding a huge start in each event leaves little doubt as to his stamina for the longer journeys he will have to face as a three-year-old.

It is good to see such strong supporters of the Turf and such popular sportsmen as Messrs. Alec Hunter and Percy Miller possessing a really good thoroughbred. In the past Mr. Miller's best were Aries and Poitrina, smart sprinters, and Persuasion, who won an Adrian Knox Stakes, but he hasn't possessed many really good ones, and it was a long time since he had picked up stake money of any kind, when Young Idea came to the scene. It was not the same with Mr. Hunter. Only two years before he had won the Derby with Liberal. But he was unfortunate in losing the services of that good colt through a broken bone soon after his Derby triumph. Now perhaps Young Idea will compensate.

A lady owner had the pleasure of folding the red riband of the Leger over her arm after it had been taken from the shoulders of the colt triumphant. This was Miss "Lorna Doone," owner of Sylvandale. That *nom de course* covers the identity of the wife of a popular medico and member of this club. In her own

circle Miss "Lorna Doone" is no less popular. She is the true sports-woman who took defeat magnanimously, and her triumphs gracefully. That she should acquire as her first thoroughbred racer such a marvelously good performer as Sylvandale has ever been a puzzle to herself, and she confesses to her friends that her luck in this respect has been amazing. The choice of such a good one reflects credit upon Mr. Clive Inglis and Mr. Fred Williams. The latter has been the colt's trainer, and Mr. Inglis' counsel has ever been sought in the conduct of Sylvandale's racing programme. Mr. Clive doesn't race horses himself, but he got as much pleasure out of Sylvandale's triumphs as if the colt had been carrying his colours.

Connections certainly showed the utmost consideration for their champion, only equalled by the concern



Peter Pan.

for Peter Pan. The latter, instead of being pushed out for the longer weight-for-age events, was spared for the Jubilee Cup. After his head and half-head third in the Sydney Cup, Sylvandale was scratched for all engagements and prepared for his winter spell. Some £2,000 awaited in prize money for the Cumberland and A.J.C. Plate, which he might have picked up, but Miss "Lorna Doone" thought first of her colt's future rather than the money, and the chance of further success was sacrificed. People who reveal those finer feelings of sportsmanship deserve to have good horses.

Akuna's Cup victory was a real stunner for followers of form, yet nobody could say she wasn't consistent. A Victoria Park win five days

before the Cup revealed that she had struck form. But that she had attained such standard that she would be able to give some ten horses a start into the straight, mow them down and win the £5,000 Sydney Cup, was a complete surprise to 99 per cent. of those present.

The performance was the more amazing when you remember that over two years had elapsed since her previous victory when she gained that Victoria Park success followed by the Cup. That an old mare, rising seven years, whose achievements had been confined in the past to suburban handicaps, and never before had won at Randwick or won beyond 11 furlongs, should rise to such giddy heights in winning a Sydney Cup, just adds one more to the uncertainties of the Turf. Her achievement emphasises that you might frequently name a horse who is going to win a race, but it is unsafe to say of any performer, no matter how lowly nor how great the contest, that it cannot win. After Akuna's success it must be admitted that any acceptor for a race is some sort of a possibility.

GOLF

The last outing was held at New South Wales Golf Club, La Perouse, and was attended by a good number of members.

The winners of the trophies played for during the afternoon were as follows:—

The "A. C. Ingham" Cup. Winner, Dr. D. B. Loudon.

Best Scratch Score. Winner, Mr. C. M. Rose.

Mr. J. B. Dowling's Trophy. Winner, Mr. H. Greenberg.

Dr. T. A. Daly's Trophy. Winner, Mr. N. Longworth.

Members are advised that the next outing will be held at Manly Golf Club on 16th May, when a big attendance is expected.

Fixture cards for the current season have been printed and are available at the Club Office.

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SWIMMING STROKES

Ideas Change and Times Improve

With the approach of winter comes the time when a pool like Tattersall's proves more valuable to the speed swimmer than at any period of the year, for it is then that stroke production and experiment is tried out.

The Amateur Swimming Association carries out a series of classes in our pool for promising juniors during the winter, with the whole-hearted backing of our Committee, and much good has been done.

The evolution of strokes has proved the most interesting feature of the swimming game, and one wonders where it will all cease.

Science has been called to aid in the progress made, and to-day Dr. Frank Cotton, himself an ex-champion swimmer, is always conducting experiments. At present he is studying the effect ankle movement has on the production of pace.

Amusing suggestions have been made from time to time to speed up swimmers, and just to show that there is nothing new under the sun, we met a man some weeks back who put up the idea that if shaped pieces of light metal were attached to the hands speedier performances would result.

Well, that idea was brought forward a couple of decades ago, but swimmers found the strain too much, and tired very easily in trials.

Pat Gormley's single overarm was once supposed to be the last word but gradually swimmers started the double overarm; the trudgeon revolutionised the game, and then came Dick Cavill and others with the Australian crawl.

This was copied all over the world and formed a basis for the six and eight beat American crawl which was exploited in Australia for the first time by Duke Kahanamoku, of Hawaii.

Bill Longworth, with his hard kicking Australian crawl, and Frank Beaurepaire with his trudgeon stroke, both put up great times, but new styles put them in the shade.

But the amazing part of all the strokes is that no two champions ever swim alike, all have different adaptations of the same basic principles.

Charlton and his great rival Arne Borg, of Sweden, both got world's records out of vastly different strokes not many years after a determined and scientific effort had been made by the N.S.W.A.S.A. to establish a perfect stroke.

That was rather scoffed at by no less an authority than the then world's champion, Norman Ross, who wrote to a local official giving it as his opinion that swimmers were born and not made.

"If they've got the old motor in

them they'll be champions, if not, then all the teaching won't make them," said big Norman.

Thinking it over it is strange how new ideas are picked up by kiddies as soon as they swim.

Whatever stroke is considered the thing at the time, a boy or girl is learning to swim, he or she seems to come by it naturally.

Latest of all the strokes is, of course, the Japanese with its swift recovery and at one period both arms pulling through the water.

Yet in our pool we have seen Jean Tavis swim a record 220 yards with a stroke opposed to all the latest ideas, wide swinging arms and a terrific kick.

No, there seems to be no rule to guide the swimmer. Nature appears to endow him with a stroke to suit his physical attributes and those things that count most in all branches of sport, heart and the will to win, do the rest.

But it is in a pool such as Tattersall's that the coming champion is enabled to experiment during the winter months, when he has no need to worry about training for big events.

May we see another champion with yet another new stroke produced in our pool this winter, for Australia wants one for the Olympic Games in 1936 at Berlin.

RESULTS INTER-CLUB COMPETITION

4th April, 1935.

Masonic Club v. Tattersall's Club.

Bridge:—Tattersall's Club won by 2115 points.

Billiards:—Masonic Club won by 2 games to 1.

Dominoes:—Tattersall's Club won by 6 games to 3.

Snooker:—Masonic Club won by 2 games to 1.

Commercial Travellers' Association v. City Tattersall's Club.

Billiards:—City Tattersall's Club won by 2 games to 1.

Bridge:—City Tattersall's Club won by 3306 points.

Dominoes:—Commercial Travellers' Association won by 6 games to 3.

Snooker:—City Tattersall's Club won by 3 games to nil.

2nd May, 1935.

Tattersall's Club v. City Tattersall's Club.

Bridge:—City Tattersall's Club won by 1453 points.

Billiards:—City Tattersall's Club won by 2 games to 1.

Dominoes:—Tattersall's Club won by 5 games to 4.

Snooker:—City Tattersall's Club won by 2 games to 1.

Commercial Travellers' Association v. Masonic Club.

Bridge:—Masonic Club won by 226 points.

Billiards:—Masonic Club won by 2 games to 1.

Dominoes:—Commercial Travellers' Association won by 5 games to 4.

Snooker:—Masonic Club won by 2 games to 1.

Competition Points to Date:—

City Tattersall's Club, 9 points; Masonic Club, 7 points; Tattersall's Club, 6 points; Commercial Travellers' Association, 3 points.

Pool Splashes

Gr-r-r! Winter's almost here, and the only people who think of swimming these days are those hardy chaps who dub themselves "Ice-bergs" and the members of Tattersall's Club.

The pool is as popular as ever, and during the Easter season has been the showplace of the Club, and our interstate racing visitors have been heard to express envy over the Club's possession of such a great relaxing place.

Other swimming clubs have put up the shutters while our Club is still racing without any lessening of interest, and will continue to do so until July, when a couple of months' recess will start before the opening of another season in October.

The Dewar Cup contest engages most attention, with Sammy Block now holding a three points' lead over Carroll, with Godhard and Vic. Richards close handy.

Alec. Richards has returned after a spell of sickness, but has too much ground to make up to have much chance of landing the trophy for the third time, but "Pete" Hunter is rising on the list.

A "first up" win was put over by ex-University star Vic. Meek last month, when he landed the 40 yards handicap in fine style in 21 4/5sec.

But the outstanding event was the long looked for clash between Vic. Richards and Lyn. Johnston over two laps from scratch.

Vic. just got there, and as he swam 19 2/5 secs. in his heat there's nothing wrong with his form.

The diving event of the John Samuel Cup has yet to be decided, and the 220 yards Handicap last month proved a great show.

Fastest time was put up by Vic. Richards at 2.53 1/5 secs., and he was only narrowly defeated by "Pete" Hunter in the final, in which Sammy Block appeared to have at one stage an unassailable lead, but faded into last place.

John Samuel Cup.

Results of the 220 yards handicap were:—1st heat: K. Hunter (3.08), 1; V. Richards (3.00), 2; S. Carroll (3.16), 3. Time, 3.03 secs. 2nd heat: A. S. Block (3.56), 1; A. Richards (3.10), 2; J. Buckle (3.35), 3. Time, 3.50 3/5 secs.

Final: K. Hunter, 1; V. Richards, 2; A. Richards, 3. Time, 3.00 1/5 secs.

Leaders in the Point Score are: J. Dexter 9, A. S. Block 5, S. Carroll 5, K. Hunter 5, V. Richards 5, L. Rein 4, C. Godhard 3.

Points for the two years are: J. Dexter 16, K. Hunter 14, V. Richards 13, A. Richards 13, A. S. Block 9, S. Carroll 6, C. Godhard 6.

Dewar Cup.

Points now stand: A. S. Block 48, S. Carroll 45, C. Godhard 44, V. Richards 42, J. Dexter 40 1/2, K. Hunter 35 1/2, A. Richards 34, G. Goldie 30 1/2.

Club Races.

Handicaps held since the last issue of the Magazine resulted:

April 4—60 yards Medley (20 yards each breaststroke, backstroke and freestyle), 1st heat: S. Carroll (53), 1; C. Godhard (44), 2; V. Richards (37), 3. Time, 53 1/2 secs. 2nd heat: A. Richards (40), 1; K. Hunter (40), 2; J. Dexter (43), 3. Time, 44 secs.

Final: S. Carroll, 1; C. Godhard, 2; K. Hunter, 3. Time, 53 4/5 secs.

April 11—40 yards, 1st heat: L. Johnston (21), 1; C. Godhard (24), and K. Hunter (22), 2. Time, 20 1/5 secs. 2nd heat: V. Richards (21), 1; A. Richards (22), 2; G. Goldie (33), 3. Time, 19 2/5 secs. 3rd heat: V. Meek (24), 1; J. Buckle (24), 2; S. Carroll (24), 3. Time, 23 1/5 secs.

Final: V. Meek (23), 1; V. Richards (21), 2; L. Johnston (21), 3. Time, 21 4/5 secs.

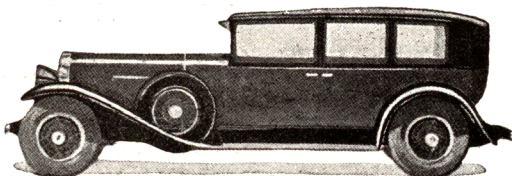
April 18—80 Yards Brace Relay: A. Richards and V. Richards (43), 1; A. S. Block and S. Carroll (50), 2; G. Goldie and C. Godhard (57), 3. Time, 42 3/5 secs.

March-April Point Score: K. Hunter (11 points), 1; C. Godhard (9), 2; A. S. Block and V. Richards (7), 3; S. Carroll (6), 5.

April-May Point Score: Two events have been held in this series, and the leaders are: V. Richards, 7; A. Richards, 5; A. S. Block, 4; S. Carroll, 4; V. Meek, 4; G. Goldie, 3; C. Godhard, 3.

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With our big winter tournaments close at hand, it behoves those of us who have an idea of competing, to spend a measure of time in checking up our shortcomings and rectifying same wherever possible. Nearly all the trouble in amateur billiards is the result of bad cueing. We do not strike correctly. Under the circumstances, it would be decidedly to our advantage to ponder awhile on the teachings of a master, and in the following article Walter Lindrum is quoted freely.

Before you hit your ball you must look at it. But you do not have to keep your eye on the cue-ball when making your shot. Having decided on the line of your stroke, fix your eye on the object-ball as your cue swings into motion and you are committed to decisive action. No professional keeps his eye on the cue-ball when striking, as has often been stated. The idea is absurd. A rifleman aims through his "sights" at a target, and he does not look at the "sights" when pulling the trigger. The billiard player is in exactly the same position. The striker should get as low down to his work as possible. The stance should be such, that as near as possible, the eyes shall be level with the balls when sighting. This gives a much better view of the balls than would otherwise be the case, but, better still, you are less likely to move when actually making the stroke, which is a bad habit and almost certain to unsight you. Keep the head well down, and when once this pose has been mastered it will require conscious effort afterwards for body movement. The upright stance allows of too much movement, which passes unnoticed but often causes failure.

Be at Ease.

Before the ball is actually struck, the player should take care that he is fully at ease. Bend the knees slightly—both if you like—but whatever you do, be comfortable. The old idea of a straight hind leg and bent front knee does not appeal to modern champions.

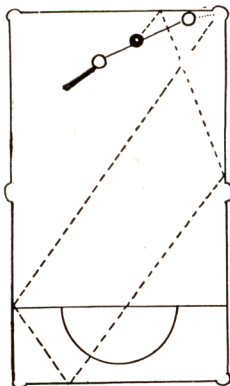
Always remember that if you feel at all awkward or strange whilst playing billiards, that you are handicapping yourself.

Billiards

Striking Practice.

How many amateur billiardists take the time to practice methodically? Unfortunately, the reply leaves much to be desired. It is a rare thing to see systematic practice in any room, and players rely on a succession of games to put them in form or improve their standard. This is all wrong, and a little concentrated effort would have three times the effect and even more. For instance:

Place your cue-ball on the centre spot of the "D" and by striking it right in the middle, try and make it go up and down the table and cover, or cross over the centre, pyramid and billiard spots both ways. This is not by any means easy, but is es-



The illustration above depicts a very fine gathering cannon. As will be seen, the three balls are nearly in line, but by "stunning" the cue-ball it is possible to force the red round three cushions while the cue-ball dribbles slowly to the opposing white. At the conclusion of the stroke, all balls will be nestled round the pocket jaws.

sential to good stroking. It will be seen at once that if the cue-ball does not return to the spot from which it was hit, either the aim was bad or the striker has imparted "side" without knowing it. And that is just where the big fault lies in cue work. Many shots are missed simply because the stroking was bad and the ball not hit as the player fondly imagined. It will not be necessary to work on this shot until one becomes wearied. Provided the ball can be made return as directed, in a reasonable percentage of cases, and provided also that it never returns too wide (say, not more than a ball width) the proficiency attained may be accepted as sufficient for practical purposes.

Causes of Wide Shots.

If you find some of your returns are a foot out, or even half that, take warning; there is something amiss with your cueing which must be set right. You are trying to hit your ball in the middle and are hitting it somewhere else—that is serious.

Think for a moment. What are you doing wrong? Probably this: you are holding your cue too far from your body, thus creating side waggle. Keep your cue as close to your side as you can without straining; remember that it should slide under the centre of your face for the shot in question. This is impossible if the cue be held away from the body and with elbow stuck out. Keep the elbow of your cue arm directly above your cue, and as your cue swings home on the ball, it does not matter if the butt swishes the side of your waistcoat.

As you test your billiards in this way, you not only detect faults, but also remove them. This is your only remedy. It must not be mistaken that the shots written about in this article represent a preliminary stage of billiards. As a matter of fact, practice of the nature described will soon teach that correct striking is the Alpha and Omega of the whole business, and those anxious to keep on improving their game will indulge in this phase of practice continually and whenever opportunity offers.

If the reader imagines he can successfully play the strokes enumerated with half an hour's practice, he has another guess coming. But they can be made if the striker will allow himself consistent practice at every opportunity. The effect will be cumulative; you will improve as you go on, and what you learn will stick.

Now, it is up to members themselves. The tournaments about to start will bring to light, as usual, a number of surprises. Do not be ever ready to roast the poor old handicappers. Sometimes their best efforts are thwarted because one or more players suddenly decide that a closer study of the game might tend to improvement and, acting on the idea, make the handicappers' judgment appear somewhat awry.

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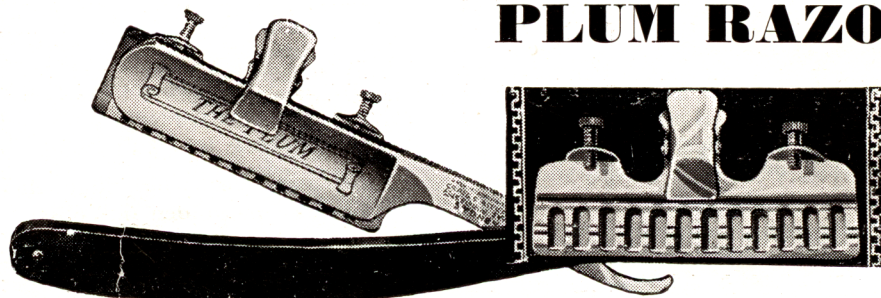
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MOTORING

Don't Descend Hills in Neutral!

When motoring in hilly country, very often the driver is more concerned with the art of ascending hills than with that of descending. Yet the latter frequently calls for more for control and good judgment than the ascent. Any car, almost, will descend all but the most difficult gradients sweetly and with perfect safety, provided that the driver does not allow the car to become master of the situation by taking control over him. A car may be equipped with the best braking system available; nevertheless, when it comes to descending the steepest hills the finest brake system is the engine, beyond all question.

In most circumstances, it is unwise to allow a car to coast down a steep hill with the gear in neutral. In doing so, a large measure of control is definitely lost and, in emergency, the powers of deceleration are greatly reduced. The brakes may be perfectly good, but the car when coasting is under the influence of two forces—gravity and momentum—which are not amenable to rapid or easy control.

The safest way of negotiating a severe downhill gradient is to change down to a lower gear at the top of a hill. It need not necessarily be the lowest gear, but should be determined by the severity of the task. It is inadvisable to switch off the ignition in making long descents, for with the engine running, instant control of the car is available for possible emergency. Running down hill in low gear and with brakes used gently, there is small chance of a car ever attaining command over its driver.

The modern car, in many cases, falls short of its predecessors in one regard. For some untold reason, makers of speedometers have discontinued showing "trip" distances. This is to be regretted, for quite a lot of drivers like to measure their own distances from time to time. Further, the "trip" speedo has been found most useful on long country tours over roads with which the driver is unfamiliar. When one

knows that to reach a given point he must travel a certain number of miles, he can tell accurately just how far he is away from his objective at any time. For this reason alone the retention of the "trip" would have been justified. It is to be sincerely hoped that in the welter of new inventions and gadgets, the utility of the "trip" will again be brought before manufacturers and again be made a feature of the dashboard.

A couple of issues back, a full description was given in this magazine of the new safety glass which was being tried out overseas. Now, we are pleased to note, an Australian company has acquired the patent rights for turning out this non-splinterable product.

The Australian Window Glass Pty. Ltd. is the company concerned, and demonstrations of the local article were given at the recent Royal Sydney Show.

The glass is quite different to anything to which we have become accustomed, and must not be mistaken for the laminated type of which we have had some experience. When the new article is broken under the force of a direct blow, it disintegrates into a mass of tiny pieces which resemble (for want of better description) so much bath salts. Most important thing about this is that the small pieces have little or no cutting edge, and can with safety be rubbed between the fingers or hands.

Naturally, the advantages of glass of this nature are at once apparent. That dreaded fear of shattered glass in a crash is now one less horror out of the way, and on the other hand gives an added joy to motoring. It is interesting to note the tests to which the new glass has been subjected.

As far back as 1933, the first tests were made, and it was found that a steel ball weighing 2lb., when dropped from a height of nine inches would smash ordinary plate glass, whereas the drop had to be increased to 156 inches before the new invention was affected. And

then it simply disintegrated into small particles.

This new idea is not going to force up the price of cars to any extent, and really is little dearer than ordinary glass. It is good to know that yet another local industry will be the outcome, and it is tolerably certain that the time is not far distant when all cars on the market will be fitted with non-shattering glass.

What is Car Efficiency?

An interesting question has been raised in England as to what is car efficiency. It is maintained that the average car owner is apt to think of the efficiency of his car in terms of road performance and to presume erroneously that a car which will do 50 m.p.h. is more efficient than that which is capable of only 40 m.p.h. But efficiency cannot truly be determined by speed values.

Efficiency may be calculated in British thermal units or by means of a dynamometer which measures the drawbar effort, but to the ordinary motorist, efficiency is mostly thought of in terms of miles-per-gallon of petrol, despite the idea of others that m.p.h. irrespective of petrol consumption means everything.

Probably the best method of judging one's car is on a load-per-horsepower basis, for the one which carries a maximum of weight a maximum distance in the shortest time, for the minimum consumption of fuel. There are other efficiencies to be considered. The power unit may be very efficient but the transmission very inefficient. Or, both these units may be highly efficient, but owing to a too severe clutch, a badly adjusted differential or faulty brake adjustment, the rear tyres may wear out rapidly.

There are many other ways of judging car efficiency, but there should be one golden rule observed by members: Don't talk efficiency under the conception that your car can do 70 m.p.h. or better, and then set about proving same by demonstration. We don't want to lose you!

The Famous Gordon's Leap

Here is the story of the famous Gordon's Leap. A remarkable jump as told by Lance Skuthorp, intrepid buckjump rider:

Round Mt. Gambier way, there are many of the old hands who are prepared to wager their all that I alone was mad enough to attempt the jump. Be that as it may, I take no credit from Adam Lindsay Gordon. I am perfectly satisfied with my own performance and desire it be left at that.

I was in South Australia, in the days when having given up the life of a bushman on the roads and out-back stations, I was travelling with my own show from place to place, giving exhibitions of catching and handling horses.

My star turn at that time was to back myself with good money to approach and mount the wildest horse that could be procured, in one minute, without the use of a rope, in a yard 24 feet square. While showing in the Mt. Gambier district, I heard much of Adam Lindsay Gordon, who had lived a portion of his eventful life in those parts many years earlier.

Of course, I knew of Gordon previously. Where is there an Australian who does not? His feats of horsemanship have been discussed wherever horsemen gather together throughout this country and beyond. Around the camp fires on the out-back tracks, his poems still trip lightly from the tongues of bushmen, who recite them to appreciative audiences of men who understand.

Many a time, as the cattle slept, I have listened to and enjoyed "The Sick Stockrider," "How We Beat the Favourite," etc., delivered by a drover in a manner that, in natural environment, would put many a professional elocutionist to the blush.

Here, where he had lived and ridden, I heard much of the life and feats of the young Englishman, who in bygone years had thrilled with his daring deeds, and charmed with

his pen pictures. Though not native born, as is often erroneously supposed, Lindsay Gordon quickly became a true Australian bushman. As a horseman he yielded pride of place to no man, excelling as a rough rider, as well as a rider of racers on the flat, and across country. One instance of his control over a horse struck me as extraordinary. It is well known that a horse will give anything dead the widest of berths. How they known from a distance the difference between a dead beast and one lying down resting, I do not know, but it is next to impossible to make a horse approach a dead beast. Gordon, however, so it is said, could jump his horse over a dead bullock. The poet took great pride in his feats of horsemanship, and it was his custom to dare others to follow where he rode. Well informed persons have gone so far as to say that in this respect Gordon bordered very much on the egotistical.

There were many fine horsemen in the district, of course, but as they could see nothing to be gained by following Gordon in foolhardy feats, they generally allowed his challenge to go unheeded. One day, however, there was a different tale to tell. Gordon was out hunting with a number of daredevil horsemen after his own calibre, and wherever he rode they were prepared to follow. Through and over the roughest country, where the slightest slip meant death, they followed the leader, mounted on good horses of a kind rarely seen to-day and, reckless, Gordon had none the better of them.

Homeward bound, they skirted the bank of the Blue Lake near Mt. Gambier, where a fence divided the steep cliffs of the lake from the road. As they rode, one of the party ventured to remark to the poet: "We've followed you to-day, old man, eh?" Gordon swung around sharply on the speaker. "You have," he snapped. "See who'll follow me now."

Swerving his horse, he faced him

towards the fence and sent him at it. Dumb for a moment with astonishment, his companions, when they could, shouted to him to desist, but as his horse rose to the jump he looked back with a laugh of derision. Over the fence went horse and rider, to land on the narrow ledge overlooking the lake. Then Gordon raced his horse along that ledge at full gallop, presently jumping him back sideways on to the road.

Years afterwards a monument to the memory of Gordon was erected near the sight of the great leap, but the challenge to any rider in the world who would repeat the performance remained unanswered.

That was the story as it was told to me, and few questioned it. There were doubters, however. At my show one night a young fellow broached the subject in the course of conversation.

"Have you ever seen this Adam Gordon Leap?" he asked of me.

"No," I replied. "Why do you ask?"

"It's hard to take," he declared. "Some of us young fellows can't believe it was done, though there's old chaps in the town who swear they saw it. I've often tried to get a horse to look at it, but I've never even got one to do that much. Will you come out and give us your opinion?"

The idea appealed to me, so next morning I rode out with a party to see the famous Leap. Making an examination of the spot where the reckless poet had risked his life, I found that the distance between the fence and the edge of the cliff was nine feet, rock covered with slippery moss. Four hundred feet below lay the still waters of the lake. The distance for the horse to accumulate momentum in the run to the fence was 24 feet. The thing seemed impossible of accomplishment, but a mad idea came to me that where one man had succeeded another could. I had always vainly considered I was at least the equal of any man where

horsemanship was concerned. Besides, was I not a professional horseman and a showman, out to gain publicity and of course money? It did not take long to decide.

"Gentlemen," I said to my companions, "I don't doubt for a moment that Gordon did the leap, but he must have had a wonderful horse. With a suitable mount, I am willing to attempt to repeat his performance, if it is made worth my while."

That oration brought forth a cheer, and set the assemblage talking. "We'll stake a hundred pounds to five that you can't do it," came from the elected spokesman.

"Done," I replied, "but I'm not undertaking to do it with one horse right off the reel. I must be allowed a number of horses."

"We will allow ten horses," came back to me. "But if you don't do it on any of them, you lose."

"It's a bet," I laughed. "I'll have my horses here to-morrow."

Naturally the news spread, and on the morrow it was a case of follow the crowd. They came in their numbers, and I will wager not a one was disappointed. I handed out all the thrill they were looking for while getting an overdose for myself.

Six times I failed to induce my mount to rise to the jump, but the seventh horse was different. A wonderful jumper, an old pensioned off steeplechaser, game, and with the heart of a lion, as was fitting in one bearing the name of Wallace.

Willingly and unflinchingly the old fellow faced his task. As he took off for the jump I gave him the full length of the reins and let him look after himself. In the air it seemed as if we were right over the cliff altogether, for I could see nothing but the water four hundred feet below. At that moment I gave up all as lost. Talk of a drowning man reviewing all the events of his past as he sinks beneath the surface; well, that is the kind of sensation I experienced in the brief moment that I hovered with old Wallace on the brink of eternity. I was powerless, and how the gallant horse

swerved in the air so that he might land safely, is more than I can explain, but I seemed to come back to life to find myself seated safely on his back alongside the fence upon the narrow, slippery ledge, with the crowd cheering wildly on the other side.

I gazed at the sea of faces all so deathly pale, and acknowledged the applause in silence, for all power of speech had left me for the moment. I made no attempt to jump back on the roadway as Gordon was supposed to have done. Instead, the fence had to be removed to release myself and the old horse, who had covered himself with glory.

As might be expected, a lifelong friendship had been made during that escapade, and I made it my business to buy Wallace without delay. We were companions for long years afterwards, sharing the fame or notoriety of that foolhardy feat. It even brought us under the patronage of Vice-Royalty, for whilst in Adelaide Lord and Lady Tennyson invited me to Government House to give an exhibition. In a little paddock at the rear of the residence, an iron bar was placed five feet ten inches from the ground. Nothing under it and no wings at the side—and over that I raced Wallace at full gallop for the edification of the elite of Adelaide.

Years afterwards I discovered that one Gilbert K. Jeffries had broken into verse in praise of my success:

"When Gordon made his famous leap, a challenge then rang out,
Were Australian horsemen game to try their hand?

A thousand bushmen wondered, and then they cast about
For one to champion the honour of their land.

But years went on, and no one dared to follow where he rode,
Nor face the yawning chasm with a bound.

No cheers could nerve the bravest, no taunts their courage goad.
It seemed no rider could be found.

But, out in far west Queensland, one heard the challenge ring,
A mighty rider, and a white one, too!

He came, Australia's champion, for horsemen held him king,
And dared to try what others would not do.

And now schoolboys, boasting, speak Skuthorp's name with pride.
He cleared the leap that others feared to take.

And no one yet has ever found the horse he could not ride,
Or reared a colt too wild for him to break"

Hon. J. M. Dunningham, M.L.A., Farewelled

The complimentary dinner tendered the Minister for Labour and Industry (Hon. J. M. Dunningham), in the club on May 1, was not concerned with the politician, for we know not politics in club. Rather was it a spontaneous tribute to a personality among us, Jack Dunningham.

No doubt as to his popularity was left by the representative gathering, and by the cordial speeches of the president (Mr. W. W. Hill), Messrs. James Barnes and A. C. Ingham, allied with those of Messrs. Frank Underwood and J. H. O'Dea, for the committee, and Arthur Costin and Frank Carberry, for members.

Mr. Dunningham, as you are aware, will attend in a representative capacity, the King's Jubilee celebrations, with his wife. While the dinner was the means of wishing him farewell and all the best, officially, its personal note was predominant.

Mr. Dunningham was presented with a set of opal dress studs and sleeve links to remember us by.

Mrs. Dunningham, who had left earlier in the day by the "Maloja," was waited on aboard by the Chairman (Mr. Hill), and handed a present and bouquet on behalf of members.

Mr. Dunningham will take 'plane from Sydney on May 11 to pick up the "Maloja" at Fremantle.

The programme at the dinner was contributed to by the Maggie Foster Quintette, Miss Amy Ostinga, Mr. Vernon Sellars, and very fine turns by Tivoli artists, The Littlejohns, and The Eastern Brothers.

A Sign of Littleness

(Bruce Barton in "Herald Tribune Magazine")

A man said: "I have been waiting 10 years to get even with So-and-So, and now I have my chance." Another said: "That fellow double-crossed me once, and I will make him regret it if it takes me the rest of my life."

Each of them was really saying: "I am a little man." For if biography and history teach us anything it is that big men have almost always refused to poison their spirits with vindictiveness and hate.

Napoleon was by no means an ideal character, but he had superb indifference to personal animosity. When someone questioned his judgment in appointing one of his critics to an important office, Napoleon expressed surprise, "What do I care what he thinks of me," he demanded, "as long as he can do the work?"

Abraham Lincoln amazed the nation by putting into his Cabinet his foremost political adversaries. As

Secretary of War he chose Stanton, who had sneeringly characterised him as a clown and a gorilla. He made Seward Secretary of State, knowing well that Seward regarded himself as much the abler man. Chase, his Secretary of the Treasury, used his Cabinet influence to promote his own chances for the Presidential nominations. It meant nothing to Lincoln so long as Chase kept the confidence of the country and did his work well. When McClellan snubbed him brutally, and Lincoln was urged to replace him, he replied: "I will hold McClellan's horse if only he will give us victories."

Disraeli had the same calm superiority to personal resentment. Says Andre Maurois: "During his short tenure of power in 1868 he granted a pension to the children of John Leech, the "Punch" draughtsman, who had mercilessly attacked him for 30 years. Now, in 1874, his first action was to offer the highest dis-

tingtion within his power to Thomas Carlyle, who had formerly asked how much longer John Bull would suffer this absurd monkey to dance on his chest. When a partisan of more vindictive turn expressed his astonishment at his meekness, he replied: "I never trouble to be avenged. When a man injures me, I put his name on a slip of paper and lock it up in a drawer. It is marvellous to see how the men I have thus labelled have the knack of disappearing."

In the Bible is this sentence: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." A certain proportion of men feel that they must help the Lord in His task of repayment, that otherwise He will get behind in His work. So they nurse personal injuries; they harbour resentment, and accept every opportunity to denounce and criticise.

These are never big men. Big men are too busy.

The Human Machine

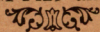
Engineers are prone to talk of the efficiency of modern machines. But no machine has ever been constructed that is so efficient as man himself. Where can we find a pump as perfect as the human heart? If the boss treats it right, it stays on the job for more than 600,000 hours, making 4,320 strokes and pumping 15 gallons an hour. We have no telegraphic mechanism equal to our nervous system; no radio so efficient as the voice and the ear; no camera so perfect as the human eye; no ventilating plant as wonderful as the nose, lungs, and skin, and no electrical switchboard can compare with the spinal cord. Isn't such a marvellous mechanism worthy of the highest respect and the best care?

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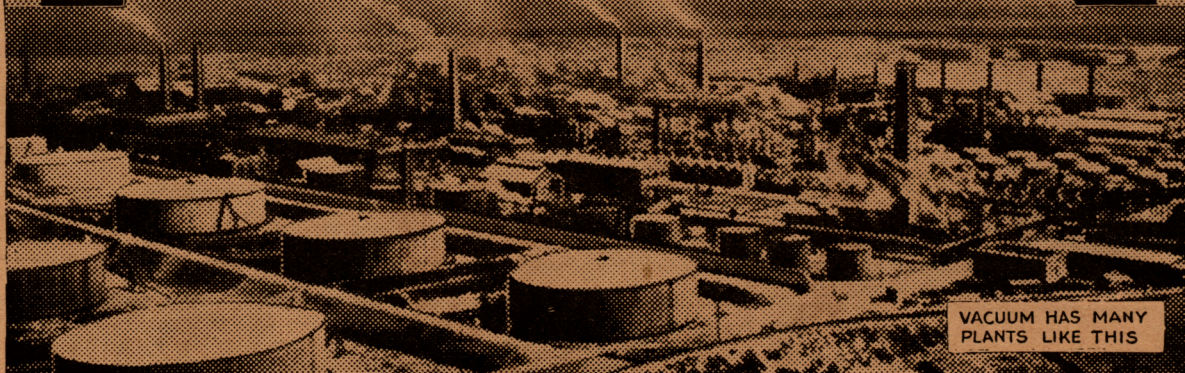
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